

Playwrights' Manuscripts.



Here present our readers with fac-similes of the manuscripts of several of the most popular of living playwrights, chosen from some of the best-known of their plays. Most of them tell their own story; but we may

call particular attention to the specimen by Mr. Irving, who is not generally known to be a playwright. Yet the manner in which he treats a drama like "Louis XI." (a page of which we give), by cutting, adding, and writing in soliloquies, manifestly makes him a joint-author in the play.

Clarissa Act IX

Scene — Interior of a Cottage near Hampstead Heath — Morning
up L, with flowers — Door R — Door in flat — Everything very plain
but simple & clean. Two windows, view of Heath. Table, L.C.
Mrs Osborne, a gray-haired woman, seated L by table. (Reads)
Enter Hetty, from R, plainly dressed.
She has a very pale face, and looks very ill.

Mrs O. This is ~~the poor~~ ^{the poor} grey lady now, miss. Hetty, I trust?

Hetty. Yes. She's sleepy —

Mrs O. She's had some ~~real~~ ^{real} ~~sick~~ ^{sickness}, I'm afraid. When you bought her ~~cottage~~ ^{house} two days ago, I said to myself 'Poor lamb, she's mortal sick'; but afterwards, miss, I saw it wasn't ^{her trouble} sickness ~~in~~ ^{of} the body, but something worse.

Hetty. You are right — far worse.

Mrs O. What have trouble ~~she~~ ^{she} got?

Hetty. Perhaps.

Mrs O. Are you any ~~lent~~ ^{lent} to her, miss? (gentle look and a kind word for every one)

Hetty. No.

Mrs O. Has ~~you~~ ^{she} good brother neither?

Hetty. (shakes her head)

Mrs O. I'm sure there must be great ~~lady~~ ^{lady}.

Hetty. Why do you think that?

Mrs O. She's so sweet, so ^{to} two spoken, and ^{has} ~~has~~ her heart seems broken ~~she~~ ^{she} always a kind word for every one

Harry
 Looks a man I bore the bear - Tige - Mar's never heard
 Before. My facula's up Now you're a good old shuttlecock
 Quirin, say.
Martha was worn out
the notion lads stop
superficial on the stage
his head
 You never had such face for grooming
about you:
 There
Wings should not be long and
feathers sharp Macgregor would be long and
the bear see that you were much older —
He is in dec'd a you man (I only takes
business) — but that is no —
business but that.
 Tige - Mar's
you the sign of your
name you have you name are to us

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS' play, *The Lights o' London*.
Act III. Scene 1.

Dom (draws in packets) There's her diamond brooch. There's her ~~earrings~~
 & here (holds it up) Made of 22 carat Australian
 gold is - the - wedding - ring -
 Jack

And who's the lady - (sits)

Dr. You know her - (sits)

Come from our parts (Faces round)

Des. (same bus)

Dom Devon (draws chair nearer)

Des. (same bus)

Dom Woodbridge

Des.

Dom Kettlebold Farm

Des.

Jack (aside)

What a fool I am - (looks at Lucy) Of course - it's Lucy - Lucy congratulations old fellow - She is making a good wife (They shake hands & Jack goes to Lucy)
 Very best wishes, shivers for both -

No 142
Small ~~adult~~
in whitish-pink. Its wing with 9 cross stripes.

Baronets don't to with Peckham, & learn wrote? Yes there is No to it we have lessons in Peckham.

To the following gerds about there. It is mostly
wonderfully made. Our certifying & twodens are
going up after it. The young man cost ~~about~~ ^{many} 20.
Point. (Morning his still up out the sun Heated & it cost him
over - an exercise the medicines fit his disease well.
Last night I got about you dinner. (He's sort of strong
& ate half a dozen eggs & a score. There's another egg qualche autre
The dinner was very nice it is like the others
eggs (Young his at 20. behind him running on it) etc! Yesterday
I made a boat & its special fine.)

Point Storied evenings he watch girls
in Bellwood New York & talk to them there.

a writing for / 310. —
~~comes and goes~~
Best regards up there now & consider all that
sort of thing, you know. I go down West for
some time & then

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from a play now being written by
Mr. JEROME K. JEROME.

333/ Street No. 700 place / East side of 009)

Rey tell me what have you been doing with yourself all this while? Playing the fiddle and scandalizing society.

anis

~~It is ridiculous~~ ~~to hold that~~ ~~any~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~communication~~
~~has to tell what more do the grantors intend~~ ~~than~~ ~~the~~ ~~amount~~ ~~of~~ ~~prize~~
~~to be given~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~one~~ ~~having~~ ~~no~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~prize~~
~~should have been doing~~
~~with himself~~ ~~or~~ ~~any~~ ~~other~~ ~~person~~
~~his~~ ~~host~~ ~~the~~ ~~owner~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~prize~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~grantor~~ ~~this~~ ~~things~~ ~~are~~

Coming to a crossroads.

~~Regrettably~~ Regrettably chronic disease has been the main cause of death.

~~and his feet not with a good deal of time to get off~~

Thou knowest my heart is pitiless. A King must use
 The power he holds from Heaven, or wrong his trust.
~~By banishing the guilty, I would prove~~
~~My right to thy protection: in return,~~
 I'll build thee Churches, load thy shrines with gifts.
~~For thy grand vice-principle of justice - but~~
 But let me gratify my just revenge,
 For thine especial honour, and mine too. *
 Remours advances, and stands ~~Cent'ry~~
 Rises, and when he sees remours, starts,
 back, and sinks into Chair again, exclaiming.
 Merciful Heaven! God!

Silence! (raising Poignard.)

Silence?

not a breath.

Not one?

thou art well defended.

Oh! remours!

~~remours~~ is master then of thine.

what would ye?

Justice!

It shall be merciful.

I am not thy Judge.

Q Sweet baby, pardon all flesh
sins, & pardon the one little
act I hope to do this night; —
but we best have humour within
us chil'd - That's all I ask.
~~There no sin, dearest baby, no~~
~~Hark! is back comack of justice~~
~~privately administered!~~

* What is at Pause?

The peasant going home — his memory
walking air. Ah! happy wretches!
Gentle sleep is theirs — they'll slumber
on — whilst I —